

Galaxies beneath my skin by ImperialRose

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Summary:

All Steve wants is to put a hickey on Billy. That's not too much to ask for, right?

Unfortunately, in the world they live in, even the simplest of wishes can be out of reach for people like them.

But Steve still finds a way, because momma didn't raise a quitter.
(Well, momma didn't raise him at all, but that's not the point here)

Galaxies beneath my skin

Author's Note:

The title comes from a poem I found on hellopoetry.com, and yes, I really did google “poems about hickeys”. Also, I wrote this instead of studying for a college exam, so you better give me some love to show me I didn’t waste my time!

There are galaxies beneath my skin that only your touch can unearth,
you expose the universe to me using only your lips,
leaving proof that your love is not a dream

-Ky Blackstar

Billy always has a lot of bruises.

It’s just something Steve’s come to associate with seeing Billy’s skin: there’s always some part of him that’s blue, or purple, or even just a vague yellowish shade. Steve would prefer it if there were no bruises at all, but some couldn’t be helped, like the ones he got from basketball, when he fell to the floor or got a stray elbow in the face. Those Steve could handle. It was the other ones he hated.

He hated the ones Billy gained from when he got into fights. Sometimes they’d be at a party and Billy might have had one beer too many, or someone called him a slur that was too close to the truth, or he’d just had a bad day and needed someone to take it out on. Steve hated those bruises, because he couldn’t prevent them without looking a little too friendly. There were only so many fight he could pull Billy out of before people started to question their new “friendship”.

The ones he hated the most came from Billy's dad. Steve begged him to get out of that house. He came up with alternative living arrangements for Billy. *"Move in with me, my parents won't care."* *"Tell Hopper, he'll find a way to fix it."* *"Tell Joyce Byers, she'd never turn away a kid in need."* *"Just fucking run away with me."* Every suggestion was rejected, or even laughed at. Billy just wouldn't hear any of it. *"People are gonna know what we are if live together, Pretty Boy."* *"The cops can't do a damned thing. They never have before."* *"Byers? Are you shitting me?"* *"Shut up, Steve. I'm almost eighteen. I'll live 'til then."*

Steve kept begging, and Billy kept saying no. Sometimes it felt like they were stuck in this constant back-and-forth dance, none of them willing to back down. Steve never shut up about it, even when Billy got angry and told him to mind his own fucking business. Sometimes, however, when they were both too tired to argue, too tired of life in general, Steve gently kissed Billy's bruises and held him as tight as he dared without hurting him. He held Billy while they slept in Steve's bed, and they both pretended everything was fine. Pretended that there was no room for improvements in their lives; pretended that Billy's dad wasn't around; pretended that sometimes Steve's nightmares didn't get so bad that he couldn't sleep for days; pretended that they didn't care that at some point they'd have to leave their bubble of happiness and go out in the real world where they couldn't hold hands and kiss in public, or even just stand too close to each other for too long. The world outside their bubble sucked.

Steve might have hated Billy's bruises, but sometimes he wished he could make some of his own on his boyfriend's soft, golden skin. He wanted to kiss Billy's neck until a purple print of his mouth was left there, and leave a trail of hickeys down his chest and stomach, like a treasure map he could follow later when they were alone, without judging classmates or hating fathers looming over them, ready to hurt them. But he couldn't do that because, again, the world outside sucked.

Steve hated that he couldn't leave his mark on Billy, to be able to have him show it off and non-verbally say *Someone who loves me gave this to me!*

Which is why he was ecstatic when he found a solution, a perfect place to put his mark.

They had been lying in Steve's bed, not even an hour after school had been done with for the day. Billy had rushed home to drop Max off, then hurried on over to Steve's place, where Steve had been waiting eagerly for him. They had gotten right down to business, with deep kisses and clothes quickly ending up on the floor. Billy laid before him like a feast to be eaten, and Steve felt starved when he looked down at him. He licked his way down Billy's well-shaped chest, and listened to his boyfriend's moaning, felt him squirm impatiently beneath him.

He kissed the junction where Billy's hip met his thigh. He wanted to leave his mark right there, on that perfect piece of smooth skin, still miraculously tanned, even so far from California.

But he couldn't, because someone would have seen. Someone would have figured them out, and it sucked.

"You're just gonna stare at me all day, Pretty Boy, or are you gonna get to work?"

Steve looked up to find Billy watching him, his arms behind his head,

his golden hair like a halo, looking like he had no troubles and all the time in the world. There was a dangerous grin on his lips, one that meant he was already enjoying himself immensely, even if they hadn't gotten to the main event yet.

"Oh, I'll get there, Blondie, don't worry," Steve purred. "Just taking a little detour first." Steve was now determined to leave his mark *somewhere* on Billy. Anywhere really, but he would do it, goddammit!

"What are you talking about, detooo ..." Billy trailed off in a moan when Steve started to deeply kiss a spot on his most inner thigh, dangerously close to his groin. Close enough that Billy liked it *very* much, but not close enough for him to get off from it.

"Steve," he said breathlessly. "Steve, please, I..." Billy clutched the sheet tight in his fists and tried to wiggle closer to Steve's mouth, but Steve wouldn't have it. Steve nibbled on the flesh, licked it to sooth it from the bites, and sucked it hard.

Billy panted above him, and reached down to take himself in his hand. Steve let him, and continued to do his work. Steve had planned to blow him, really, but he didn't want to stop what he was doing. It didn't take long after that until Billy came with a cry, white lines painting his gorgeous torso. Steve wanted to lick it off him, but didn't get the chance. He continued to suck on Billy's soft but strong thigh for a minute while Billy got his breath back, and then he was reluctantly pulled away from it by his beautiful boyfriend.

"That's enough, Princess. I think you've made your point," Billy said sternly, but with a smile.

"You sure you want me to stop? You seemed to be enjoying it," Steve replied, a matching smile on his own lips.

Billy laughed. "I sure was, but I don't want to leave you high and dry," he winked and licked his bottom lip. Steve followed the movement with his eyes. "Now put that mouth to good use while I take care of you, Pretty Boy."

Steve continued to suck, only now on Billy's tongue, while Billy got him off with a hand slicked up from the cum on his stomach.

Steve looks back on that afternoon with great fondness as he now stands in the locker room before basketball, getting changed into his shorts and gray T-shirt. He tried not to look over to where Billy stands on the other side of the room. Tries not to think *too* much of that afternoon, or else he'll get too hard to hide during practice.

There's one thing he can't help but to think about, though.

He knows that if Billy leaned back on the lockers, if he took off his underwear and spread his legs wide enough, he'd be able to see the mark he left there the day before yesterday. Hopefully the color should still be a fairly deep purple. He'll check later when they get home.

It's a thrill, an adrenaline rush, knowing that Billy is marked, bears a proof of their relationship on his skin, Steve's very own brand. If anyone around looked close enough, knew what to look for, they'd see it. Maybe people can't know about them, but this is as close as they can get to it, and Steve is happy with that for now.

It seems Billy shares his feelings, going by the wink and sly smirk he sends him as they walk out the door to the gym. It's a look Steve's now familiar with. It's a smirk that promises more good things to come. Steve can't wait.

So yes, Steve hates almost all of Billy's bruises, except for the ones he himself left there out of love.

Author's Note:

Come shout harringrove with/at me on kings-never-die on tumblr!